A LOVE SCENE IN IRELAND.

BY S. MOORE.

As I stood on a bank of the lovely Lough Erne
And gazed on the opposite shore,
I saw tripping down through the brushwood and fern
My own little Eveline Gore.

'Neath the shade of a tree, on a lovely green mound,
She, temptingly, sat in my view—
I heard her sweet song, and my heart gave a bound,
While my love more impassionate grew.

No boat was at hand, and I longed to embrace
My fair one, the joy of my heart,
But the water flowed deeply—a dangerous space—
And cruelly kept us apart.

Love conquered my fears, and gave strength to my arms,
And nerved me while crossing the flood;
And soon my safe landing dispelled her alarms,
As dripping beside her I stood.

She owned to me then that this test of my love
On her heart such impression had made,
That, being permitted, she'd wed me to prove
The truth of the words which she said.

What followed the reader may easily guess—
And oft when a ramble we take,
She'll ask—while the smile she can scarcely repress—
"Would you swim to me now o'er the lake?"

RATTLERS' GULCH.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

HARRY and Charley Blair, aged respectively seventeen and nineteen, were sons of a small farmer living in Ohio at the time the gold excitement broke out. They became so imbued with the fever that one night they stole away, and, in company with two neighbors' sons, made their way to St. Louis, and from thence, with a party of prospectors, to the mountains.

Many and varied were their adventures, but we have to do with but one. Fortunately for them, they fell in with an honest man, who took a great liking to Harry and Charley, and who willingly consented to their accompanying his party.

They had been out for days, making their way over almost impassable walls of rock, through canyons and gulches, in search of one of the valleys or pockets where surface gold was principally found in those days.

One day Andy Carter, the leader, was badly hurt by a fall, and it was soon seen that he must be left behind and some one must stay to care for him.

Not a sight of the precious metal had been seen, and our boys were weary and disheartened. They at once volunteered to stay, he being the only one in the party that had troubled to be kind to the lads.

They were journeying up a broad canyon when the accident happened, and the first side ravine was explored for a suitable place for a camp. It was soon found, a tiny valley a half mile away, with water and small underbrush that would do for fuel.

The whole party, some twenty-two, proceeded thither at once, carefully carrying the wounded man.

The "sugar bowl," the boys at once dubbed it, and no other name would so well describe its shape. There was perhaps a quarter of an acre of land, inclosed by a high wall of rock; no outlet save the narrow ravine, through which they had entered.

A fine spring bubbled and boiled from the rock upon one side, danced and sung across the valley, then disappeared in an opening in the wall of rock upon the other.

Upon three sides the rock was smooth, with scarce a footing for a bird, but upon the fourth it sloped gradually upward, and was covered with a dense growth of stunted vines.

Near the spring a tent was pitched for Andy, and the party robbed themselves of blankets to make him comfortable.

Then leaving a generous supply of ammunition and provisions, the party went on their way, and none of them were seen again by our party for years.

Andy looked blue when he saw the last one disappear, and turned himself laboriously on his blanket bed.

"Well, boys, we are in for it; I'm afraid you will be sorry you stayed. There's neither gold or glory to be gained here."

"Who knows!" cried Charley, gaily striking his spade into the earth, "we may be standing upon a mine now."

Andy laughed heartily, and hoped it was so.

"But, boys, the first thing to do is to decide who is boss of this arsenal," and he glanced smilingly at their supplies piled near.

"You, of course," cried the boys in concert.

"All right," he replied. "Then I move that you both search the wall all about for a sheltered spot to store our goods. We are too far from town to make it easy to procure more, if these get damaged."

"All right," came cheerily, and the search began.

The round was almost made, with no discovery, and a feeling of disappointment was beginning to be felt by the boys, when a shout from Harry, who was slightly in advance, proclaimed the desired find.

"Hurrah! here it is!" And he drew aside a curtain of vines and branches of the pine, revealing a deep cavity—not a cave by any means, but a hollow deep enough for the purpose.

It was very near the tent, too, which pleased Andy, as he said he could keep guard while the boys were absent, giving as his opinion that neither would be content to lie idle long.

Such a thought had not occurred to the boys, and they shook their heads, but events proved the elder man's judgment to be correct.

For a few days to lie at full length upon the green grass was a luxury, but then Harry began to view the bush-grown slope askant, and wonder what lay beyond. From wondering to climbing, and then began a series of exploring expeditions. But to the boys' credit, be it said, they never left the wounded man alone. His hurt was in his right hip, and for some days he suffered terribly; then under the boys' faithful care, under his instruction, he began to gain rapidly. Then it was the boys began to look about.

After a tedious climb many small ravines and gullies were found, through some of which bright streams of icy water sang merrily.

Harry was a boy of sound sense and good judgment, while Charley was the reverse. Impulsive and hasty, he took no thought of consequences.

So when he took his turn at prospecting, Andy and Harry were in a state of suspense, until his signal whistle sounded on his return.

One night it came hours later than usual, and both were half wild with anxiety. But *he* was wilder than either, and exhibited a handful of small nuggets of almost pure gold.

Andy instantly shared his excitement, and next day sent Harry along, but both returned empty handed. Charley had found the gold in a tiny pool, but both searched the rivulet to its source, without finding another particle.

All were awfully disappointed.

Next day, Charley sat and looked at the gold a long time; then, as if some thought had suddenly occurred to him, he sprang up, and slinging his rifle across his back, started up the slope.

He made his way directly to the spot where the spring bubbled out from beneath a mass of vines, at the foot of a huge wall of rock. For several minutes he stood looking keenly at it, then stooping, caught them in his hand and drew them to one side, revealing an opening large enough to admit a cart.

A satisfied "I thought so;" then, it being light, he stepped boldly in, finding room to walk easily beside the stream. It was no cave, as Charley had expected, for only a rod or so and he came out into another ravine, narrower than the other, and piled here and there with huge rocks. Stunted pines grew along its sides, and it was so dark and gloomy that he hesitated ere entering. But only for a moment; then he slowly made his way up it, looking, always looking, for the gleam of the precious metal.

Several tiny nuggets rewarded him, and he toiled on. Half a mile up a pile of huge bowlders formed a perfect barrier to further progress. The stream bubbled from beneath them, and Charley was sure there was a valley beyond.

Resting a while, he looked about. What a wild, gloomy place. The boy was half afraid. It was fairly dusky in the ravine, but scarcely past midday outside. A horror of the place crept over him, and, springing up from his seat on a stone, he began climbing the barricade, being determined to see what lay beyond before starting back to camp.

Not so difficult a climb as he had expected. Reaching the top, he saw a long, deep valley lying before him, and throwing an arm about a tall, slender sapling, he leaned far over to inspect the place as closely as he could. So deep, dark and horrible-looking was it, that he drew back in dismay.

"I never will go down there," he muttered.

Suddenly he heard a familiar rattling sound behind him, while he still stood gazing, fascinated by the dismal scene. With a yell of horror he turned.

There, not six feet away, coiled ready for the spring, was a huge rattlesnake.

An instant's horrified inaction, then with another yell, he began "shinning" up the slender tree. It was too small to bear his weight, but he did not think of it until too late.

"Oh, Lord!" cried poor Charley, as it bent far out over the dark valley and began to slip through his hands.

Down, down, making frantic clutches at the slippery pine branches. But all of

no avail. Down he went, but did not fall so far as he expected, and a bed of moss broke the force.

There he sat in dazed surprise, gazing around. Rocks piled in inextricable confusion surrounded him on all sides. Not far away trickled the stream that had led him so far.

As his gaze came to it he saw something else that brought him to his feet with a whoop of delight. One bound and he had it in his hand.

A nugget of pure gold as large as a hickory nut.

I am afraid Charley went mad for a few minutes. He leaped and danced and shouted until the echoes rang.

Then, forgetting the fear of the gloomy valley that had possessed him, he began an excited search for more.

The bed of the stream was composed of sand and fine pebbles, and the glint and sparkle of gold was everywhere.

Satisfied that their fortunes were made, he hastened back to camp with his marvelous story and a number of nuggets as proof.

There was a jubilee in camp that night, and the "rattler" was toasted in wildest enthusiasm; for Charley owned that he never would have dared go down if he had not fallen.

As soon as Andy could possibly climb, camp was removed to "Rattlers Gulch," as the boys termed it, and ere the approach of winter drove them from the mountains each had secured a modest fortune.

Cornwall Tin.

Dolcoath is the name by which the oldest and the deepest tin mine in the world is known. It is situated at Camborne, in the west of Cornwall. In the early part of the present century it was noted for its enormous production of copper ore, the sales of this mineral having amounted to about £5,000,000. It now produces tin only. In the interval between copper and tin, about the years 1853-55, a period in the sinking when the two minerals were so blended that they could not be separated so as to make them marketable, the whole mine could have been purchased for £3,000. The market value of the same to-day is £470,000 (4,700 shares at £100 each); so that each sum of £50 invested in it thirty years ago is now worth £7,000, and receives dividends amounting to about £500 a year! The produce for some two or three years past has been forty to fifty tons of tin per week, obtained chiefly from one of the eight or ten lodes in the mine.

Movable Targets.

There is a good deal of talk of rifle shooting at movable targets these days. Most people imagine that, in order to hit anything with a rifle, a man must have a solid rest and take a long aim. Such is not the fact. The best rifle shots at game seldom take a rest, except at long distances. After a little practice it is as easy to hit a slowly moving object with a rifle as a still one. The secret of all shooting is to get your gun in the right place, and then let her go in a flash. It is quite as easy to kill a running rabbit with a rifle as with a shotgun, but so few people have tried it that it is not widely known.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Democrat.*

MANY persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

WITH ALL HIS HEART.

BY "LE GEMLYS."

Among the people around us there are certain characters that stand out like bass-reliefs of certain traits. In Jack Spratt's make-up there was a vein of cool impudence which was a source of continual comment to his friends, and often a surprise to—himself.

He admired women more than woman, and had browsed carelessly about the confines of the elysian fields of love and passion, without even so much as having a single heart affair during his twenty-four years. His two sisters, Maud and Ethel, were popular in their set, and Jack was often lured away from his somewhat bachelor-like pastimes by their importunings, and forced to "do society work," as he termed playing the agreeable to their friends.

Jack was a fine specimen of physical beauty, and his six feet of brawn and muscle, curly auburn hair and laughing blue eyes caused more than one fair girl to cast admiring glances in his direction. He was elegantly indifferent to the wiles of coquetry, and secretly held to the theory that love was a myth, and that courtship was nothing more nor less than a fine preface to a tiresome book.

Coolly attired in a blue flannel suit, with his feet against a tree in the back-yard, and "Onida's" last novel in his hands, Jack Spratt was whiling away a quiet afternoon in solid satisfaction.

"I wonder how it would be to love some girl desperately," he mused. "Love her better than any one else in the world—make her happiness the sole object of my life—work hard for her—realize that she loved me devotedly, and all that sort of thing? It seems queer that I never found anything of much consequence in dangling after a giddy girl." These and similar thoughts trooped lazily through his brain, and it occurred to him that he had never even pretended to love any one. The idea of a flirtation had been a stranger to him, and yet he knew that such affairs were every-day events.

"I'll try it at the first opportunity," was his final conclusion.

As he took his hat and was leaving the house for an evening stroll, Maud said to him:

"Jack, will you do me a favor?"

"Well, if there's anything in this world that I would rather do than another, it is to do my sister Maudie a favor," he replied, putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and looking down into her upturned face with a comical smile.

"No joking, Jack! Will you, really?"

"Let me see!" he said, reflectively, looking over her head. "I believe I want to 'see a man' this evening—and—and then I've an engagement with Hal Craft—and there's to be a professional game of——"

"O, yes!" interrupted Maud, disappointedly. "I suppose you have a wonderful amount of business on hand just because I want you to do something for me."

"Now, don't try to make yourself believe I'm such a bad sort of a brother—but tell me, is it like buying a paper of pins, or anything of that kind?"

"No."

"Hair pins?"

"No."

"Taffy?"

"No."

"Aha, I have it now!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Caramels!"

"No, again. Now, look here, Jack! I really do want you to grant me a little favor, and it is delightfully easy, and then you will enjoy it, too!"

"Well, let the cat jump," said Jack, resignedly.

"But will you do it?"

"How can I say whether I can or not, when I don't know what it is."

"But I know you can."

"Is it anything bad?"

"Of course it isn't!" cried Maud, stamping her foot impatiently.

"What's the matter with your foot, sister?"

"Jack, I think you are just as mean as you can be. Never mind, old fellow, you'll want me to make you some chocolate cake, some of these days, and you'll not get *me* to make it!"

"Now, see here, Maud, if you are going to treat me in any such barbarous fashion, and make me wish I had never been born, I'll do anything you wish, even to telling Walter Herrick that you love him to death!"

"What a torment you are!" cried Maud, in her vexation, as she turned her head to conceal the rosy flush which flashed over her cheeks.

"Jack, for the last time, will you?"

"For the first time—yes."

"Well, it's this: Eva and Mabel Lynn are to spend the evening with us, and I want you to come in by half-past ten and escort them home. You will, won't you? You said you would, Jack!"

"And so I will, 'pon my sacred word and honor." And, leaving a kiss with Maud "for Walter's sake," he laughed good-naturedly and departed.

"So I'm to walk pretty Eva Lynn and her cunning little twin sister Mabel home this evening," quoth Jack, as he sauntered up-street. "Sisters are nothing but petticoated nuisances, no matter how you look at them!"

* * * * * * *

Jack kept his promise. He had successfully torn himself away from a game of billiards, and had equally good fortune in making witty replies to the Misses Eva and Mabel, as they hung on his arms en route to the Lynn residence. He was in fine spirits, and accepted their invitation to sit a few minutes upon the veranda before returning. Comfortably seated, the two talked and laughed and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

"I've had a pitcher of lemonade in the refrigerator all the afternoon, Mr. Spratt. Would you like some of it?" said Eva.

"I was just thinking I would," remarked Jack.

"Yes, run in and get it," urged Mabel. And her sister disappeared in the gloom of the hallway.

An idea shot athwart the brain of Jack Spratt. He smiled to himself. "It's an inspiration," he thought, "and I'll do it!"

"Why so silent, Mr. Spratt?" asked Mabel, who noticed Jack to be suddenly quiet.

"Miss Mabel, perhaps you will be surprised at my thoughts," he replied steadily and earnestly; "but as you have asked the cause of my silence, I will tell you. From the moment we met I have loved you. Do not be startled—listen to my words. I know I have not paid you marked attention, yet I have placed you in my life as my heart's ideal. I love you passionately; I adore you; I will always love you! My secret is yours. My darling, will you be my wife?"

Mabel Lynn was surprised, so much so that she could only say, "Oh, Mr. Spratt!"

"There! I knew I would say something I ought not; but you see, Mabel," he pleaded, "I don't know what I've said that's wrong. I only know that I have spoken my love and asked you to make me the happiest man on earth."

Somehow Jack's hand found hers, and then, after a momentary silence, she said: "This is so sudden, and—and—I don't know——"

"My darling, keep me not in suspense—just one little word is all I crave, all I would have you say; and if the future brings with it a different view of me, you may have your promise back."

"Jack—I am yours!"

Before the compact could be sealed by the conventional kiss, Eva came along the hall with several clinking glasses and the lemonade.

"So ho!" cried Eva, "you two seem to have been telling secrets in my absence; but my lemonade is much nicer than any nonsense you folks have been whispering, I'll warrant."

The lemonade was pronounced a fine mixture by Mr. Spratt, much to its maker's satisfaction. Mabel knew her sister would remain until Jack went away, and was feverishly anxious to be alone. Her little brain was in a whirl, and fearing if she remained she would betray her secret inadvertently, she excused herself and entered the house.

"What were you two whispering about while I was away, I'd just like to know?" queried Eva, with piquant curiosity.

"I was asking her what you thought of me," replied Sir Jack, laughing. "I wished to pave the way into your good graces, and——"

He stopped short. He had come face to face with another inspiration.

"I rather like this; then why not more of it?" is his thought.

"And what, Mr. Spratt?"

"It is this, Miss Eva," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I have learned to love you with all my heart."

He took her hand and held it firmly.

"Yes, Eva, my heart and soul are filled with your image every hour in the day, and at night my pillow is haunted with your dear face. I have striven against this passion for you in vain, and now I must know my fate. My darling, my darling! tell me to hope—that you will be mine—mine forever?"

"Your wife!" ejaculated the astonished girl.

"Eva, Eva! can you not realize that my life's happiness is at stake? Be kind to me—pity me," Jack went on, with sadness in his tones. "Will you—can you love me?"

"Jack, this is very sudden. I—I——" And she made a slight effort to free her hand.

"Ah, my love, my life! I will not let you go until you tell me your heart is mine." And Jack's curly head approached dangerously near hers. "Eva, love me!"

"Jack, I have always felt kindly toward you, and—and perhaps I may learn——"

"Learn to love me then, if you do not now," eagerly interrupted he; "and you will kiss me, my darling?"

For answer she laid her head upon his shoulder, and Jack's lips met hers softly. They just had time to assume positions ascribed by etiquette to proper decorum when Mabel appeared in the door.

"Ah, Lady Mabel rejoins us, and just in time to receive my adieus!" said Jack, rising to take his departure.

He extended a hand to each and received two significant pressures, which he returned with strict impartiality.

"Need you go so soon?" said the twins, simultaneously.

"I think I ought, yet I do not wish to." And he gave each hand a meaning squeeze as he released them.

He bade each "Good-night" in a different tone, and in a moment had disappeared in the darkness.

No sooner had the girls entered their room than Mabel said, "Eva, don't you think Mr. Spratt is a very nice gentleman?"

"Indeed I do, and he's so handsome, too."

"He is certainly the finest-looking gentleman I ever have had the good fortune to meet."

A long silence ensued.

"Mabel," said Eva, solemnly, "I'm engaged."

"So am I," gravely replied her sister.

"You are?" returned Eva, in surprise.

"Yes. I promised Jack —"

"Jack!"

"Yes, Jack Spratt."

"To-night?"

"Why, yes; while you were getting the lemonade he asked me to marry him."

"And when you were gone he asked me the same thing."

The sisters looked at each other in amazement. The truth slowly dawned upon them, and each realized she had been hoaxed.

"The wretch!" moaned Mabel.

"The villain!" groaned Eva.

As Jack swung along at a five-mile gait he said to himself, "Pshaw! a man who can't make two proposals in an evening, don't amount to much. There's more fun in it than I imagined. I wonder if Maudie will want any more of these little favors. Guess not for one while!"

Word-Twistings.

"My dear boy," once asked a head master of a philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo by Moses?" Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. "Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With the transposition of initial letters a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished, works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so ran one of his most startling announcements, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish (i. e., half-formed wish) in our hearts." With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to the mutual entanglement of words, which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of "kinquering congs," and on one occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked. "Pardon me, sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colostle to the Epissians," while the other read "knee of an idol" for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the writer has frequently attended, was liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus, we have heard him speak of the "imperfurities" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfections" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into one.—*The Spectator.*

THE man who by drink muddles his brain will surely muddle your business. Trust him not.

The Gardens of Egypt.

At the beginning of March the gardens of Egypt are really wonderful; the orange and lemon trees spread their most pungent odor; the rose trees are covered with innumerable flowers; the palms, with their green and white crowns, swing there in the wind; the oleanders there border the avenues; on the lawns anemones, annual and perpetual flowering pinks, chrysanthemums, violets, zinnias, periwinkles, snap-dragons, mignonette, pansies, and petunias blend their innumerable colors with the green of the trees, bushes, and shrubs. Groups of bamboos lift here and there their long green or golden stems, drowned with an immense plume of pretty little trembling leaves. One comprehends on seeing these stems, which assume in a few months enormous proportions, the cruelly ingenious punishment of the Chinese in binding a criminal to a young bamboo. The plant grows and the wretch is quartered in a few weeks. No wood is lighter or more useful than that of the bamboo. One does not understand why the Egyptians neglect to plant it along the canals and on every cultivated land, where it grows so well. But what gives, at least during winter and spring, the most smiling aspect to the Egyptian gardens are the great sheets of rose bougainvilles that cling to the walls, the trees and groups of foliage, and which display everywhere the varied and exquisite tint of their flowers. The bougainville is certainly the finest of climbing plants. During five months it flowers under the winter sun, takes shades of extreme delicacy—one might say a light rose trait, the intensity of which every play of light varies. The aloes, the agave, attach themselves on rocky slopes. On the banks of the water courses the blue lotus, and the papyrus still revive antique reminiscences. Grass cannot be raised in Egypt. The layer of soil is so thin that the sun dries it up immediately, and unless the grass is constantly submerged it turns yellow and perishes at once. It is not the heat alone that produces this result, for there is very much fine grass in the tropics; but the heat, accompanied by the shallowness of the soil, renders the culture of grass impossible in Egypt. It is with difficulty that a few isolated blades of grass sprout during winter along the Nile and the canals; they disappear as soon as the spring begins, so that everywhere in the country where artificial cultivation finishes the dry and bare desert begins. In the place of grass a pretty little verbenacea is used, and this is encountered everywhere, the same as grass is encountered in America.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

He Got a Pincushion.

A young commercial traveler was riding on the cars in the vicinity of Grand Rapids. There were few people riding in the same coach with him, but he noticed a very old lady who seemed to have passed the allotted span of life, and a younger woman, tired and travel-stained and accompanied by two peevish, restless little ones who were never still for a moment.

The old lady was unattended and sat by herself, seeming oblivious of all her surroundings. The mother, with her children, occupied double seats. The young man sat comfortably in the rear of the coach, and read or amused himself with his thoughts.

But when an opportunity came for him to be of service he improved it.

He closed the window for the old lady, who feebly thanked him. He gave the tiresome children some picture-cards to keep them out of mischief. He told them stories, and gave them innumerable drinks of water from the tank near by, while their tired mother caught a nap. He divided an orange among them, and prepared another for the old lady, who declared that it tasted cool and grateful.

Before they reached the station where the young man was to leave the train, and while he was getting his sachel down, the old lady beckoned him to her.

"My son," she said in a quavering voice, "I live at Grand Rapids; perhaps you have heard of me? I am the old lady who sent three hundred pincushions out to the Soldiers' Home there. I am now 83 years old, and all I do is to make pincushions and give them away to deserving people. Young man, I have watched you, and here is your pincushion."

It was a homely little round of pasteboard, but that young man declares he will never part with it as long as he lives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Experimental Yellow Fever.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, has published the results of several experiments he has made on the inoculability of yellow fever. He performed the operation, or rather got it performed for him, by musquitoes, which he caused first to sting a patient suffering from yellow fever and shortly afterward a healthy person who was to be (with his own consent, of course) the subject of the experiment. He found that the disease was only inoculable from the third to the sixth day. When two musquitoes were employed, so that a double dose was given, the symptoms of the experimental disease was more than when only a single musquito was used. Of eleven cases of inoculation, six were efficacious, one doubtful, and four negative. The period of incubation varied from five to fourteen days; the symptoms consisted of headache, pyrexia, injection, with sometimes an icteric tint of the conjunctiva, and in some cases albuminuria. The fever lasted, as in the ordinary form, from five to twenty-one days. The author believes that this method of producing artificial yellow fever will ultimately be found very valuable as a prophylactic against the natural and dangerous form of the disease.—*Lancet.*

Cost of New York Flats.

Many of our readers have doubtless admired the splendid apartment houses called the Navarro Flats in New York City, close to the Central Park, and between Broadway and Fifth avenue. The Madrid cost $494,557.58; the Lisbon, $507,330.37; Cordova, $428,619.54; Barcelona, $429,897.57; Grenada, $396,028.51, and Tolosa, $465,954.05—making a total of $2,762,395.62.

HUMOR.

WONDER if dentists ever extract cube roots?

REGULAR old timers—Dutch hall clocks.

A VALUABLE old sovereign—Emperor William.

IT is foolish to bandy words with a chemist; he always has a retort handy.

AN old fisherman insists that "salmon in all his glory" is the correct reading.

THE woman with a disagreeable bang is she who hammers on a piano in the house next door.

THE preacher lives by the golden rule, the printer by the brass rule, and the teacher by the ferrule.

HOWEVER much actors may quarrel, they generally have to "make up" before they come upon the stage.

A FARMER once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer's much dephyr.
—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

LITERARY man (laughingly)—Yes, I took to literature naturally. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know. Friend (grimly)—Ha! The world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel.

"DID you say, sah dat dis intment will kill bed-bugs in any stage?" "Yes, sir, my mixture is sure death to roaches and bugs of every description, and will destroy them in any stage." "I keeps a bo'din' house, sah; and will it answer in a bo'din' house just de same as in a stage?"

THERE was a feud between the 4-year-old young lady and her aunt, which came at last to declared hostilities. But the little lady knelt down at night and said her prayers: "Bless papa and bless mamma, and"—there came a long, ominous pause—"bless auntie; but if you can't bless her it doesn't matter."

"MAMIE," said a young man in an ice-cream saloon, toying with his check, "do you know that a chemist has discovered tyrotoxicon in ice-cream?" "Has he, though?" answered Mamie, manifesting pleasurable surprise. "I wondered what made it taste so good. I could eat another plate of it." And the young man mentally cursed the lamentable failure of his scheme.

"WHAT is the difference," asked the bronzed stork on the bracket, "between sauerkraut and mince pie?" "I don't know," answered the little bisque Phyllis on the mantel, unless it's because they are both Dutch to me." "No," replied the stork, because one is mixed with the feet and the other is fixed with the meat." But Phyllis said that was hardly a fair one, because she never knew before how they made sauerkraut.—*Burdette.*

"YES," said Mrs. de Hobson, "Clara had an excellent opportunity to visit Europe last year in company with some friends; but I couldn't bear the idea of having the ocean between us." "It seems a pity, Mrs. de Hobson," responded the caller; "a European trip does give such tone to a society young lady." "I know it does. To those moving in the high circles that we do it is almost a necessity. I s'pose," continued Mrs. de Hobson, half regretfully, "that I should have let her went."—*Puck.*

It is said that when you touch a man's pocket you touch his soul, but how was it before pockets were invented? The ancients knew nothing of pockets. The condition of a little 7-year-old ancient with no pocket in which to store away his marbles, jack-knife, top, fish-hooks, jews-harp, mouth organ, ink stopper, jumping jack, bean blower, gum, slate pencil, loose matches, etc., must have been pitiful. Before pockets came into fashion purses were suspended from the girdle. Thieves cut them away and then cut off with them, hence the term cut-purse is much older than that of pickpocket.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Honeymoon.

It may not be generally known that the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means the drinking for thirty days after marriage of metheglin, mead, or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila, a celebrated King of the Huns, who boasted of the appellation, "The Scourge of God," is said to have died on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feast. The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin, in "The Honeymoon," thus refers to it:

This truth is manifest—a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of a man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep the honeymoon.
—*All the Year Round.*

An Enthusiast.

Doctor—"Have you taken your pills regularly?"

Patient—"Every two hours, as directed."

Doctor—"Did you eat nothing except what I told you?"

Patient—"Nothing."

Doctor, enthusiastically shaking his patient's hand—"My dear sir, you are a model patient. You deserve to be sick, you do."—*Texas Siftings.*

WE teach children grammar, that they may know how to speak correctly; aritemetic, that they may know how to calculate correctly in their business transactions; but more important to them than either is a knowledge of the laws of life and health, that they may know how to avoid disease, and eat, drink, sleep, bathe, breathe; in short, live correctly. This knowledge does not come by instinct more than a knowlege of grammar does.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A FRENCH physician contends that groaning and crying allay anguish; that it is better to give way to such feelings than to endeavor to suppress them, and he tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 by giving full vent to his emotion. In most cases he would let children "have their cry out."

THE angels are doing a good deal of plowing this year with the implements of thought.